**My Justice Story**

My story is current and alive in my heart as I write this entry. I have just returned from Haiti where I participated in a Habitat for Humanity International build of 150 homes. In fact, an Irish organization known at Haven (similar in functioning as Habitat) began the work in the first week I was there, and their group of 300 or so people built 55 homes and the Habitat volunteers arrived in the second week, building a further 95. The group was part of the Global Village initiative. A global village is referred to in our reading and this event truly transcended the “borders of place and race” in an effort to bring some dignity to a small group of Haitian people.

My participation in this project both reaffirmed my faith and challenged me at the same time. Paradox at work again! I was reaffirmed in my belief in the good and basic compassion of honest and decent people. Strangers to the country and to the people of Leogane, over 800 people in the end, gave up holiday time, family time, and work days all to try to build hope in a land that seems, to me, in many ways to be hopeless. I needed to be reassured that basic goodness and a willingness to be “people of God” and to stand united with brothers and sisters in humanity was still alive and well in the world of today.

I am challenged on so many levels, as well. Why is there such disparity between the rich and the poor right here at home... the developed world and the developing worlds?; what is the best way to try to rectify the disparity? What is God calling me to do on a long term basis? Is “offering hope” to a nation enough, where political corruption has been rampant and a lack of basic human rights, the norm?

I seem to have returned with as many questions as I left home with over two weeks ago.